BRUIN in the SUDS:

OR,

Maſonry Vindicated.

BEING

A POETICAL NARRATIVE

of a late famous Trial of Skill, between a noted *Vintner*, and a Lodge of FREE MASONS:

Cook'd up in a SONG.

O magnus poſthâc Inimicis Riſus! HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author, a Free Maſon, and ſold by Brother *Dickinſon*, at the Corner of *Bell-Savage-Inn*, *Ludgate-Hill*, 1751.

BRITISH MUSEUM

BRUIN in the SUDS:

OR,

Maſonry Vindicated.

OF *Urſo* I ſing, a moſt notable Blade,
Who lately a wonderful Figure has made;
His Feats and Exploits are ſo ſtrange and ſo rare,
That needs muſt ſurprize all good People to hear.
Derry down, &c.

'Tis true of his Birth he has little to boaſt,
His Father a Keeper of Bridewell at moſt;
This Houſe of Correction for Stripes and hard Work,
Is known well enough in the City of *York*.
Derry down, &c.

But *Urſo*, of a high and aſpiring Mind,
Diſdaining his Talents ſhould thus be confin'd
To a Place where was nothing but Miſery ſeen,
And nothing was heard but loud Clamour and Din;
Derry down, &c.

He thinks it beneath him there longer to ſtay,
And reſolves that to *London* he'll find out his Way,
For there he had heard were Preferments golore,
And Places of Profit for bear aſking for.
Derry down, &c.

So, big with his Hopes to fair *London* he comes,
And long about Town unregarded he roams;
Till finding but little was left in his Purſe,
He begins his croſs Stars and ill Fortune to curſe.
Derry down, &c.

He ſcratches his Noddle, and ſees his Miſtake,
Yet willing the beſt of bad Bargain to make,
He rubs up his Wits and bethinks him again
How to make this long Journey turn out to his Gain.
Derry down, &c.

Is *Yorkſhire* ſo famous, thought he, for her Wits,
And always too ſharp for theſe fluttering Cits?
Shall I then ſtand hamm'ring my Brains for a Thought
How Money may here, where there's plenty, be got?
Derry down, &c.

Then

Then caſting his Eyes on a Sign that was near,
Where Wine, as if ſpouting in Streams, did appear,
If Wine is ſo plenty, thought *Urſo*, I'm ſure
Here muſt be good Eating, at leaſt, if no more.
Derry down, &c.

Without more ado he goes up to the Bar,
With a Scrape, and a Bow, and a countrify'd Air,
Then pulling his Hat almoſt over his Face,
He begs of my Landlord to give him a Place.
Derry down, &c.

'A Place! quoth my Landlord; why, what
canſt thou do?
'I'm ſure that of *London* thou little do'ſt know:
'Nor Horſes, nor Stable have I in my Houſe,
'Nor Oxen to yoke, no, nor Harrows nor
Ploughs.
Derry down, &c.

'No Cows to be bulled, no Bullocks to feed;
No Calves that want ſtalling, nor Horſes to
bleed;
'No Sow with her Pigs to be fed with a Pail,
'Nor Corn to be threſhed with labouring Flail.
Derry down, &c.

All

' All this I allow, my good Maſter, but yet,
' Quoth *Urſo*, and grinning, I'll venture a Bett,
' No Part of your Service, ſo well I'm prepar'd,
' But ſoon I will learn, tho' it's ever ſo hard.
Derry down, &c.

' Nay, more, do but try me, and give me a Taſk,
' If nothing I do, why, no Wages I'll aſk ;
' But when my good Merits by Proof you diſcern,
' Then give me as much as you think I ſhall earn.
Derry down, &c.

' Agreed, ſaid the Landlord, for tho' thou'rt a Tike,
' Yet if thy Behaviour I happen to like,
' Good Cloaths thou ſhalt have, and thy Belly I'll fill,
' And as thou deſerveſt, encourage thee ſtill.
Derry down, &c.

' If thou art content to be here as a Drudge,
' And never thy Labour in any Thing grudge ;
' Can'ſt wait on my Drawers, and clean their foul ' Shoes,
' And do as they bid you, and nothing refuſe ;
Derry down, &c.

' If

'If thou can'ſt waſh Bottles, and handle a Broom,
'Can'ſt empty a Piſs-pot, and ſweep out a Room;
'Can'ſt light a Man home with intoxicate Brains,
'And take a good Knock on the Pate for thy Pains;
Derry, down, &c.

'If thou can'ſt do this with a hearty Goodwill,
'And never complain at whatever you feel;
'Theſe Terms if accepted, I'll ſet thee to work,
'If not—beat the Hoof back again to old *York*.'
Derry down, &c.

'All theſe are but Trifles,' quoth *Urſe*, 'with a
'Grin;
'All Days of my Life a poor Slave I have been;
'Full oft I've rejoiced to ſnap at a Cruſt,
'And therefore be ſure I'll be true to my Truſt.'
Derry down, &c.

'Here, Cook,' ſays my Landlord, 'ſtep hither
'with Speed,
'I know that thou loveſt the Hungry to feed;
'See this Fellow, that looks like the Picture of *Lent*,
'With your Scraps and your Offalls he'll well be
'content.'
Derry down, &c.

When

When *Urſo* with Stuffing and Cramming had done,
And clean as a Tooth had pick'd every Bone,
He bleſs'd his kind Maſter and dear Mrs Cook,
And thank'd his good Fortune for ſending ſuch Luck.

Derry down, &c.

And now his new Bus'neſs he plies Tooth and Nail,
Still careful, in nothing one Tittle to fail;
A Nod or a Wink is to him a Command,
'Tis done in a Trice and the Turn of a Hand.

Derry down, &c.

Up early we find him a ſcrubbing the Rooms,
And wonderful active with Mops and with Brooms;
The Tables and Chairs all in Order are plac'd,
And every Room is made fit for a Gueſt.

Derry down, &c.

Extremely obſequious and reſpectful to All
He behaves, and is ready at every Call;
The Cook and the Scullion he both will aſſiſt,
And waſh up their Diſhes, and do what they liſt.

Derry down, &c.

His Induſtry gains univerſal Applauſe,
And Reſpect from his Maſter and Gentlemen draws;
For him there's no Office too low or too mean,
So ſupple a Servant ſure never was ſeen.
Derry down, &c.

His Maſter perceiving him daily to mend,
Firſt makes him his Porter his Houſe to attend;
Then into his Cellar the Fellow admits,
To try if in Wine he could do any Feats.
Derry down, &c.

Here *Urſo* again ſo well played his Part,
He quickly had learned the Vintner's Art;
To fine, or to brew, or to pallate it well,
The ſkilfulleſt Drawers he ſoon did excel.
Derry down, &c.

His Maſter removes, and another comes in,
And ſtill in his Poſt the brave *Urſo* is ſeen;
In his Bus'neſs is diligent, briſk and alert,
But as he grows knowing, he's ſaucy and pert.
Derry down, &c.

The Man is quite alter'd from what you have ſeen,
His Behaviour's inſulting, and haughty his Mien;
His Maſter excepted, none greater he knows
Than himſelf, nor ſubmits to one more in the
Houſe.

Derry down, &c.

He ſtruts and talks big, and looks won'drous
wiſe,
Domineers o'er his Fellows, whom he ſeems to
deſpiſe;
The Boys and young Drawers obey his Commands,
Or feel the dread Weight of his terrible Hands.

Derry down, &c.

Thus *Urſo* behaves, yet is true to his Truſt,
Obliges his Maſter to whom he is juſt;
Who therefore his Inſolence patiently bears,
And many Complaints daily ding'd in his Ears.

Derry down, &c.

But Fortune had yet better Things in Reſerve
For *Urſo*, than merely to draw and to ſerve;
The Death of his Maſter has raiſed his Hope,
And gave his Ambition a nobler Scope.

Derry down, &c.

Now ſmartly he dreſſes, and gay are his Cloaths,
His Shoes are japann'd, buckled down to the Toes,
The fineſt of Cloth and good Holland he wears,
And one of ſome Conſequence now he appears.
Derry down, &c.

To the Widow, his Miſtreſs, his Love he addreſs'd,
And Widows, you know, with young Fellows are pleas'd;
He urged his Suit with ſuch Paſſion and Zeal,
That Madam no longer her Love could conceal.
Derry down, &c.

When Courtſhip was ended, and Nuptials were o'er,
And *Urſo* was got to the Top of his Pow'r;
How bravely he ſhews it, you ſoon will diſcern,
His Senſe and his Principles too you will learn.
Derry down, &c.

A Lodge of Free-Masons, all gen'rous Souls,
To regale o'er their Bottle and full-flowing Bowls,
Met oft at his Houſe to be merry and free;
For Masons are friendly, and always agree.
Derry down, &c.

But

But *Urſo*, now bloated with Pride and with Pelf,
Thinks none of them all is ſo great as himſelf;
But yet condeſcends from the Heighth of his Soul
A *Maſon* to be—for the Sake of the Cole.
Derry down, &c.

But how does he uſe theſe his worthy good Friends,
On whom his Subſiſtence ſo greatly depends?
For tho' he's conceited, ſtiff, ſurly and proud,
Yet ſure to ſuch Gueſts he will never be rude.
Derry down, &c.

An Aſs is well known by his Bray and his Ears,
Altho' the grim Skin of a Lion he wears;
So *Urſo*, 'mong Beggars and Criminals born,
No Manners, nor Language, but ſuch can return.
Derry down, &c.

Not one of them all but he treats with Contempt,
Not Royal Commiſſions, or Titles exempt;
Their Characters ſlurs, and their Perſons defames
With Language abuſive, or ſcurrilous Names.
Derry down, &c.

As

As Maſons and Gentlemen much they forgive,
Are willing he ſhould his paſt Errors retrieve;
They friendly admoniſh and tell him his Fau'ts,
And bid him conſult his more ſerious Thoughts.
Derry down, &c.

If he with Submiſſion his Follies would own,
'Twas all they required of him to be done;
Except that his Bond he'd give under his Hand,
To produce their choice Jewels upon their Demand.
Derry down, &c.

But *Urſo*'s ſtout Heart could not humble ſo low,
As even to make them a mannerly Bow;
And as to the Bond on which they inſiſt,
He never would give it——let 'em do as they liſt.
Derry down, &c.

This Anſwer, ſo fraught with Preſumption and Scorn,
By generous Spirits was not to be borne;
For tho' by good Fortune a Maſter he is,
Yet them, as his Gueſts, he ſhould ſtudy to pleaſe.
Derry down, &c.

Provok'd at the Pride of this menial Drudge,
They agreed with one Voice to expel him the Lodge;
He bids them Defiance, and values them not,
Such Scoundrels as they were not worthy his Thought.

Derry down, &c.

Thus treated by one whom they ſerv'd in their Love,
They think it high Time from his Houſe to remove;
Such Inſults ſo brutiſh, ungrateful and baſe,
To bear any longer would be a Diſgrace.

Derry down, &c.

Thus reſolv'd, like brave *Britons*, who never ſubmit
To Uſage for *Britons* and Honour unfit;
They call in their Porters without more Delay,
Their Furniture inſtant to carry away.

Derry down, &c.

But now with Attention pray mark the Event:
When *Urſo*, convinc'd of their real Intent,
Beheld them in Earneſt a leaving his Houſe,
And nothing regarding or him or his Spouſe;

Derry down, &c.

He

He rages and maddens more fierce than before,
And orders his Servants to lock ev'ry Door;
Both them and their Chattels in Durance he'll keep,
Yet leaves them the Windows from whence they may leap.

Derry down, &c.

But ſoon he's aſſur'd of his Error in this,
And told againſt Law he had acted amiſs;
The Doors are then open'd, they freely may go,
But vows a Revenge, and that ſoon they ſhall know.

Derry down, &c.

The Seſſions were ſoon to be held at the Hall
Where Juſtice is done both to Great and to Small,
And Ten of theſe Gentlemen thither he cites,
And there for a Riot on Oath he indicts.

Derry down, &c.

Among them a Knight of reſpectable Worth,
As known for his Goodneſs and Learning, as Birth,
To ſully his Honour, if thus it could be,
Is nam'd like a Felon, with *Alias*'s three.

Derry down, &c.

Another with Poſts of great Honour is grac'd,
But here as a Labourer meanly expreſs'd;
Yet *Trimwell* his Barber's a Gentleman made,
For ſo the Indictment is ſneeringly laid.
Derry down, &c.

But they with a Spirit undaunted behave,
And deſpiſe in this Action the Fool and the Knave;
But ſince on Revenge and the Law he is bent,
And gives ſuch a Proof of his ſpiteful Intent,
Derry down, &c.

They'll humour his Folly, and give him his Sport,
And lead him a Dance in a different Court;
Reſolved to try all the Strength in his Pow'r
To prove the great Riot he ſo roundly had ſwore.
Derry down, &c.

And now to a Trial they ſolemnly come,
To know from a Judge and a Jury their Doom:
To clear up their Honour and injured Fame,
Or there for their Riot to ſuffer the Shame.
Derry down, &c.

The

The Lawyers ſet off with a mighty Parade,
And paint the dire Evils that Riots have made
With Features ſo ugly deformed and dread,
Not *Gorgon* herſelf had ſo frightful a Head.
Derry down, &c.

And then, their Harangues to the Point to reduce,
Theſe honeſt ten Gentlemen ſtoutly accuſe,
That, mov'd by the Devil and Malice at once,
They'd mobb'd the good *Urſo*, and broken his Sconce.
Derry down, &c.

To prove their Aſſertions, on *Urſo* they call'd,
And bid him ſay how, and by whom he was maul'd;
What Rout and what Racket they made in his Houſe,
How ſhamefully too they had uſed his Spouſe.
Derry down, &c.

Now *Urſo* is mounted and kiſſes the Book,
And with a moſt fooliſh wiſe-acrely Look,
He anſwers exactly the Queſtions they aſk,
No School-boy e'er better repeated his Taſk.
Derry down, &c.

He ſwears that not one of the Number accus'd,
But him and his Wife had moſt vilely abus'd;
That Three in this Riot (one Part of his Charge)
Had beat him with Candleſticks mighty and large.
Derry down, &c.

Two others, he ſwears (who from Window ſurvey'd
The Fray) call'd aloud to the Bruiſers and ſaid,
'G—d d—n him knock him down, and drive him
'well there,
'Such a Dog is not worthy to breathe common
'Air.
Derry down, &c.

'Then, as to his Wife, never Woman was us'd
'With Manners ſo brutiſh, ſo beat and ſo bruis'd;
'His Servants ſo frighten'd with Threats and
'with Blows,
'That none of them durſt for their Lives interpoſe.'
Derry down, &c.

But when croſs-examin'd, and purg'd for the Truth,
He ſquints at the Council, and makes a wry
Mouth;
Their Queſtions evades, or makes ſuch Replies,
As plainly denote he has told them all Lies.
Derry down, &c.

His

His Anſwers and Language ſo ſurly and rude,
That ſcarce a Beargarden the like ever ſhew'd;
The Court is affronted, as well it might be,
Such Snarling and Doglike Behaviour to ſee.

Derry down, &c.

They ſharply rebuke him, and aſk how he dares
To aſſume in that Preſence ſuch inſolent Airs?
That a Court of ſtrict Juſtice will never be us'd
With Scorn and Contempt, or be tamely abus'd.

Derry down, &c.

But now to theſe Rioters let us attend,
And ſee how their Cauſe and themſelves they defend;
Their Honour, as MASONS, whoſe Badge they all wear,
Demands that themſelves from this Crime they ſhould clear.

Derry down, &c.

If MASONS, ſo famous for Union and Love,
Of Mobbing and Riots thus guilty ſhould prove,
Of the Craft and its Secrets I'll take a Farewel,
For where there's no Peace, there can nothing excel.

Derry down, &c.

The

The Witneſs they call in Support of their Cauſe,
To ſhew them not guilty of breaking the Laws,
So fairly and candidly opens the Caſe,
And ſpeaks with ſuch Eloquence, Freedom and Grace;

Derry, down, &c.

So ſtrenuous, yet modeſt, his Plea for the Lodge,
As gains him Attention from Jury and Judge;
He makes no Digreſſions, nor idly prates,
But keeps to the Facts which he truly relates.

Derry down, &c.

He ſwears that no Riot was made in the Houſe,
But what was there raiſed by *Urſe* and his Spouſe;
No Blows there were given, nor Words worſe than thoſe
Are uſed the Paſſions of Men to compoſe.

Derry down, &c.

That all of the Members ſat quiet and ſtill,
Nor offer'd in Word, or in Deed any Ill
To *Urſo*, his Wife, nor to one in the Houſe,
All which to the Court on his Oath he avows.

Derry down, &c.

The

The Judge was aſtoniſh'd to hear it come out,
That *Urſo*, he only, had made all this Rout,
And friendly advis'd him that Inſtant to ſue
For Peace, or a Verdict he'd certainly rue.
Derry down, &c.

'Shall I then, quoth *Urſo*, be put to this Coſt,
'And thus all my Pains and my Money be loſt?
'Shall I to ſuch Fellows thus baſely ſubmit,
'Aſk Pardon, and humble myſelf at their Feet?
Derry down, &c.

'No, no! let a Verdict our Quarrel decide,
'By that, and that only I'll ſtand and abide,
'No Submiſſion from me ſhall they ever boaſt;
'So give me a Verdict whatever it coſt.'
Derry down, &c.

The Jury were ſoon in Opinion agreed,
To acquit the Defendants of Word and of Deed
That had the leaſt Meaning a Riot to make,
Or the Peace, or the Head of the Plaintiff to break.
Derry down, &c.

Proud

Proud *Urſa* may now at his Leiſure repent,
And think in what Manner his Foes will reſent
His groundleſs Indictment, his Malice and Spite,
And how their much injured Honour they'll right;
Derry down, &c.

How beſt he may ward off the Blows from his Head
Which he has juſt Reaſon with Terror to dread,
For Lies, and for Slanders, and Perjuries baſe,
So plainly detected, and prov'd to his Face.
Derry down, &c.

BRITISH 17NO85 MUSEUM